

# Marty McKay & Canibus Lyrics

## "Silent Shadows"

Brown Chicken Brown Cow  
Seen a brick house downtown  
All I could do was say Wow  
ILLuminated Mythos  
A steel band playing crypto calypso by a street post  
Hot tea honey crumpets honey and oats  
Hand on over your heart kneel to a 5 headed goat  
The shadow wants to breakaway from the light source  
But nothing ain't never that easy  
Fight for it  
Stand on ya' toes  
Dance or face glacing blows  
Try to hold your pants up with those  
Brown shoe boy - white hat Stetson McCoy & Mayday McKay The Gargoyle  
Listen to the beat alone  
Take adrenachrome  
First part that freezes you can't feel your toes  
For what certain thought forms project  
Sharp horns former wall st exec you don't wanna' be next  
Who could cash a quadrillion dollar check - count half n rest  
Wake up - cash the other half when I'm dead  
You heard what he said  
Gimmie my bread  
Gimmie my bread  
Gimmie my bread

Illuminati wants is all n won't stop till they have it all  
Still - they want more  
Body organs gored to the core singing ritual song  
Cleaning products sanitize floors  
True - lemmie throw a few - the hexagonal ellipsoid droids took a photo of you  
Shapeshift while you listen to this  
They got away with it  
Don't ask me how? a smoldering pile of organic material now  
That's what I call a Chicago Standoff

Their shadows hide  
But their blatant ways  
Blind like the sun  
Free mason lies  
And bloody games  
This world is run  
By silent shadows  
This world is run  
Silent shadows

We study

Scholarship report card through the mail  
Crypto currency PhD courses in jail  
They run the world - iLLuminati don't fail  
False flag details  
Set sail but don't mess with no whales  
Master Ptah! "they stole our time!"  
Imagine how we feel  
They stole our rhymes  
I meet the King on his turf  
Far away from the Serfs n Mercs  
Somewhere in inner earth with the Smurfs  
Emotion manifest thought 1st  
Survival is not taking a picture standing next to a hearse  
Magnetic Ultra shackles  
Grab ether plasma  
No telling what these demons is after  
Even now I know not what it was for  
Until thine day I shed my physical coil  
The blood - died on the cross in the mud with some hard knuckle gloves n a fuel can jug  
They say it's all love  
Tried to kill ya' whole internet buzz  
And you ain't even into that bruh  
A smoldering pile of organic material now  
Over a bowl of cereal  
Wow...

It's way up- don't name drop  
It's way up- don't name drop  
Don't break the code  
They're high up - don't name drop  
They're high up - don't name drop  
Don't break - don't break the code